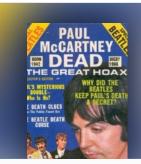


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Turn Me On, Dead Man

















Chapter 1 by Dale Nixon

The year is 1967. The telly flickers with monotone static. The air feels heavy with death. Paul McCartney is dead. And I buried him.

Chapter 2 by Hope < 3 elio elio elio



My hands still felt the grime and gore of the dirt. The shovel sat pathetically glistening in the corner. One thought kept circling around my dull brain.

What the hell have I done.

I sat at the table, not paying attention to the now dead telly, and the radio, blooming with a disturbing bustling noise.

Their voices.

The voices of the killers.

About to be sentenced to death.

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blow, I had only witnessed the end, why should I suffer the same fate as those who were far more culpable than myself?

I decided to make myself a cup of tea, that's what everyone does when they have a problem"Have a cuppa, you'll feel much better!" So I did. But I didn't! I couldn't even tell anyone. I
couldn't chat about it with my mates and use the warmth of their sympathy to make me feel
better about the situation, all I could do was think. The trouble with thinking about something
this important is that it turns to paranoia, and soon I was in full paranoid flight. "I bet everyone
will blame me; by now everyone will know it was my fault; the first time I set foot outside the
door, the police will be there ready to lock me away; I will spend the rest of my life locked up
with the lowest of the low in some claustrophobic cell, crying myself to sleep."
What am I to do?

Write a draft for chapter 4 of 8 (1 draft)

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